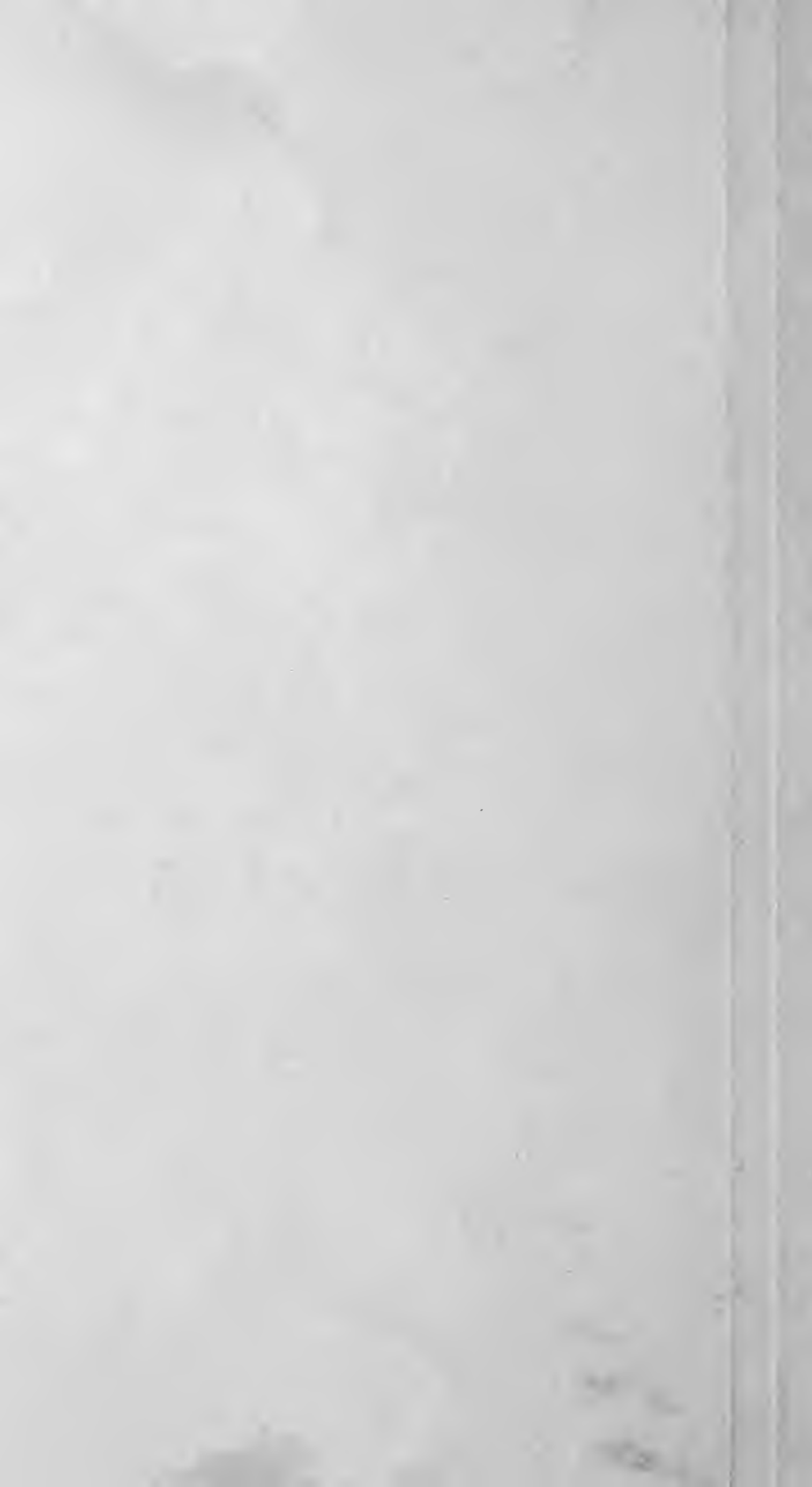


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O D E

*Sung at the Centennial Festival of St. John's Lodge,
Providence, June 24, 1857.*

WRITTEN BY R. W. BR. JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

ALL hail this Sainted Jubilee !
A hundred years have flown
Since on Rhode Island's verdant shores
The Light in darkness shone.
The Brethren, they were few and rare,
They were a little band,
A Lodge in a lone wilderness
Far from their Fatherland.

Then all this boundless Continent
Was mountain, lake and tree,
Save where the star of Empire rose
On dwellings of the free.
Now arrowy Steamers shoot along ;
Now cities charm the view,
Where once the Indian pitch'd his tent
Or paddled his Canoe.

Alas ! when memory calls her roll
Our hearts within us burn,
To think of those who once were here,
Who will no more return !
And yet there 's glory in the thought !
That in our Archives old
A WARREN, FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON,
Were on that page enroll'd.

The Light which on our altar shone
A hundred years ago,
Now spreads a *starry canopy*
Where two vast oceans flow.
From Maine to mighty Oregon,
Then raise our banners high,
For WISDOM, STRENGTH and BEAUTY form
The immortal mystic tie.

PS 2409
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am. w. w. g. 1-1-1-1

P.
Wm. B. Jencks



DEDICATION HYMN,

• BY R.W. BR. JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

SUNG AT

THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE,

BOSTON, JUNE 24, 1867.

MUSIC BY LUCIAN SOUTHARD, ESQ.

THE mountains round Jerusalem
 The fame forever stand;
 But the dark clouds which rest on them
 O'ershadow sea and land.
 No sail is seen on Galilee;
 No harp in Judah's halls;
 The city, once so brave and free,
 The scimitar appals;
 A remnant scarce is left in her
 To guard the Holy Sepulchre.

In streets our ancient Brethren trod
 Rings the Muezzin's cry;
 And where our Temple rose to God
 A mosque invades the sky:—

Our Temple, which once stood sublime
On Mount Moriah's height,
A mould of Beauty for all time.
An oracle of light:
The glorious handicraft of them. —
The GRAND LODGE of Jerufalem.

PS 2709
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Its form and grandeur yet survive
In every Mafon's mind:
Though Mofque and Minaret may strive
To leave no trace behind.
The ideal prefence ftands the fame
Where'er on earth we roam:
Jerufalem, from whence we came.
Is ftill the Brother's home.
He ne'er forgets while time runs on,
The TEMPLE of King Solomon.

The glory of the Holy Land.
Though vanished from the eye,
Still warms the heart and guides thy hand,
Immortal Mafonry!
Like Venus rifing from the fea, —
A form of loveliness,
This beautious, fculptured Fane to Thee
We dedicate, and blefs.
In Saint John's name, to Chrift fo dear,
We confecrate our Altars here.



P. . .
Wm. B. Trask.

a.m.s., Aug 12, 1929.





THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

BY JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

Deep in the grave, whene'er a Brother dies
We drop the Acacia at his obsequies ;
A leaf — a sprig — yet this fraternal token,
When dust to dust — the Golden Bowl is broken —
Midst hallow'd rites around his lowly bed,
Portends the Resurrection of the Dead :
An ¹ tears on earth, like dew of Hermon given,
Reflect through Hope the light which shines from Heaven.

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P.
Wm. B. Zerk.

2





THEY SANG A HYMN.

WORDS BY JOHN H. SHEPPARD, ESQ.

AIR — *Old Scotch Melody.*

1

They sang a Hymn ; but ne'er before,
Did chant on earth such thoughts inspire ;
Not Moses on the Red Sea shore ;
Nor David with his living lyre.
It was a long lost Hebrew air,
Oft hymn'd on hills where prophets trod ;
And, while they sang, as Heav'n it were,
To look upon the Lamb of God.

P
Wm. B. J. 1842.

2. mo. 12, 1929

2

The Paschal moon was shining bright
On Olivet and tower and tree ; —
In every house a burning light,
In every soul a jubilee ;
Save in that lonely upper room,
With fear and anguish hearts were wrung ;
Dim shadows, of to-morrow's doom
Above the Cross on Calv'ry hung.

3

The trembling stars then watch'd on high
The garden of Gethsemane ;
While Powers of Darkness gather'd nigh
That timid flock of Galilee !
'Thrice pray'd our Lord — worn out, they slept, —
" Father, thy will be done," cried He :
And drops of blood His body wept,
In that dread hour of agony !

4

From Heav'n He came to heal our woes,
His blood He shed the lost to save ;
Like man He died — like God He rose,
Enrob'd in glory from the grave.
No tongue can tell, no heart conceive
The rest to his Beloved given ; —
Those martyr'd Saints, who met that eve ;
They sang a Hymn, 'twas heard in Heaven.





BY A BEREAVED FATHER,

John H. Sheppard

On

ABIEL WOOD SHEPPARD,

LATE OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Who left home, Boston, January 1, 1848, and returned Monday, September 5, 1864. On the 12th he went to his birth-place, Wiscasset, Me., to visit his cousins; was there taken sick, and, on the 26th, expired, of a congestion of the brain. He was 37 years of age.





“O! for him back again;
O! for him back again;
I wad gie a’ Knockhaspie’s land
For Highland Harry back again.”

BURNS.

NOR morn nor eve now glads the lonely hour!
Gone is the solace of declining years;
Tasks, which once woke the soul with stirring power,
Now lose their charm in solitude and tears.

Ah! when I gazed with agonizing thought
On that sweet face — so beautiful in death —
Almost in vain poor shuddering nature sought
To still the anguish in my struggling breath.

Oft as fond memory brings the past to view, —
His blooming youth, his manhood’s rising day,
His filial love, so gentle, warm, and true, —
Comes that dread scene when in a shroud he lay.



P.
Wm. B. Richards.

ms. Aug 12, 1929

For many a year with strangers did he roam,
Where California's golden mountains soar ;
In all his wanderings yet a father's home
Shone like a star till his return once more.

And when his light, elastic step drew nigh,
And joyous Hope foretold a happier fate!
Lo! the tenth wave* of sorrow, surging high,
Broke, and, o'erwhelming, left me desolate!

The ancient hemlock by the lightning torn,
Each spring may put forth leaves, and cheer the glade ;
But let the aged heart be called to mourn,
Earth then forever wears a deeper shade.

* Vastius insurgens decimæ ruit impetus undæ.
OVID.

NOVEMBER 1, 1864.



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